

THE NONCONFORMIST MUSICAL JOURNAL:

A MONTHLY RECORD AND REVIEW.

Devoted to the interests of Worship Music in the
Nonconformist Churches.

EDITED BY E. MINSHALL.

PUBLISHED THE FIRST OF
THE MONTH,
Price 2d.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
Post free, 2s. 6d.

Editorial, Publishing, and Advertising Offices—

44, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRIZE COMPETITION	51
MUSIC IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES	51
NONCONFORMIST CHOIR UNION	53
NONCONFORMIST CHURCH ORGANS: Park Chapel, Crouhc End, N.	53
LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR	53
MUSIC AT ST. JAMES'S CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW- CASTLE-ON-TYNE	54
THE NEW ORGANIST: IV.-VI.	56
A FAMOUS HYMN-TUNE COMPOSER	57
MUSICAL CRITICISM	60
ECHOES FROM THE CHURCHES:—	
Metropolitan	62
Provincial	63
REVIEWS	63
TO CORRESPONDENTS	64
STACCATO NOTES	64
ACCIDENTALS	64

Prize Competition.

The prize of Two Guineas, offered in our February issue for the best anthem, has been awarded to

DR. ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD,
TORQUAY,

to whom a cheque has been forwarded.

NEXT COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of Two Guineas for the best anthem suitable for Harvest Festivals.

The following are the conditions:—

1. Compositions must be sent to our office not later than May 1st.
2. Each composition must be marked with a *nom de plume*, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer.
3. The anthem, when printed, must not occupy less than four or more than six pages octavo size. The intention is to publish the successful composition in the "Popular Anthem" Series. Solos are allowed.
4. The successful anthem shall become our copyright on payment of the prize.

5. Unsuccessful compositions will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes are sent us for that purpose.

6. We reserve the right to withhold the prize should we consider there is no composition of sufficient merit.

7. Our decision in all matters relating to the competition shall be final.

"PRECENTOR," in *The Christian World*, states that 170,000 copies of Dr. Bunnett's "Service in F" have been sold. This is a convincing proof of the worthy doctor's power to write popular music.

We are not surprised to hear that all the books of music for the Nonconformist Choir Union Festival at the Crystal Palace on June 17th have been disposed of. A larger number than ever were printed this year, and they appear to have gone in less time than usual. This augurs well for the success of the Festival and the growing interest in the N.C.O.

The competitions are likely to bring forth good results. From communications we have received from various parts of the country, we believe the race for the prizes will be most interesting.

A most interesting interview with Mrs. Mary Davies, from the pen of Mr. Albert Dawson, appears in *The Young Woman* for this month. The popular soprano gives singers some excellent advice.

UNDER present circumstances we think it prudent to make no detailed reference to the recent rupture between Dr. Parker and Mr. Minshall, a report of which has appeared in several newspapers. We are glad to announce that just as we go to press, Dr. Parker has withdrawn the Epithet to which Mr. Minshall objected, and these two gentlemen have shaken hands over past differences. Mr. Minshall's future course of action is at present uncertain.

Music in the Scottish Churches.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

A PAYING audience of some fourteen hundred people at an organ recital in a provincial church is assuredly something to boast of, and when found, should certainly be "made a note of." To be sure, the player at Falkirk was Mons. Guilman, probably the most distinguished of living organists, and the organ itself had all the novelty that comes of newness to recommend it to the people. But after making every allowance the gathering together of such an audience, and under such circumstances, must be regarded as almost unique, in Scotland at any rate; and the success of Mr. Love's venture should be an encouragement for others to "go and do likewise." I had the pleasure of being present at the recital, and can testify to the enthusiasm created by Mons. Guilman's performance. His playing is simply superb, and for an organist an hour of it is as good a musical tonic as he can ever hope for. Mr. Love's admirably trained choir sang splendidly, and I congratulate him both on his singers and his instrument. Mr. James K. Strachan accompanied with all his usual skill, and Miss Helen G. Mains was the vocalist.

The people of St. George's Parish Church, Aberdeen,

are certainly, as far as music is concerned, a go-ahead body. In Mr. John Thomson they have just got a new organist and choirmaster, and he seems to be sweeping as clean as the proverbial new broom. The first result of his labours was seen the other evening in a recital by the combined choirs of St. George's and Ferryhill Parish Churches, assisted by a full orchestra. As my friend *Figaro* reminds me, there was no little sensation in Aberdeen when the first orchestral church concert was announced, more than a dozen years ago; but the thing is not of so rare occurrence now, although there are still churches in the Granite City where to play the "wee sinfu' fiddle" would be looked upon as sacrilege. The ministers both of St. George's and Ferryhill are, however, no mean amateur musicians—able to take their turn at the keyboard should necessity demand; and it is no doubt, in part, due to their influence, that the recent most successful recital was put before the Aberdeen people. Another sacred concert of the same kind was given by the choir of St. Paul's Parish Church, Leith, when the minister said he had long since parted with the old-fashioned notion of a connection between the church orchestra and the devil.

Mr. John Hartley, the organist of St. Giles', Edinburgh, has arranged to give a series of organ recitals on six successive Monday afternoons, the admission to be perfectly free. The idea is excellent, especially as in Edinburgh there is neither city hall nor city organist; and one was pleased to note that the opening recitals of the series were rewarded by good audiences. Mr. Hartley's programmes are mainly drawn from the classical in organ music, and he lends them the necessary variety by associating with himself at each recital either a solo instrumentalist or a solo vocalist. The St. Giles' instrument is one of the largest in the capital, and, as completed, and to some extent re-voiced, by Mr. Eustace Ingram, its musical resources are of the highest order.

Speaking of Mr. Ingram reminds me that he is the builder of the organ for the newly-restored cathedral of Dunblane. He has also finished a two-manual instrument, of twenty-four stops, for Gorbals Parish Church, Glasgow, which was opened the other evening by Mr. James K. Strachan. The organ is placed at the south end of the church, behind the pulpit, and is played from a detached console situated between the choir stalls. Mr. Strachan, in sending me a copy of the programme, says, "The instrument is one of the finest little pieces of organ-building I have ever seen or played. The action is simply perfect." The programme was exceedingly interesting, both for its instrumental and its vocal numbers, and the recital was a great success.

The Free Church ministers of Inverness have this month been greatly exercised over a recital of sacred music, which a travelling opera company had dared to give on a Sunday evening. They have, in consequence, come in for a good deal of sarcasm from the press, and the title of "The Fools of Inverness," which they gave to those who patronised the recital, has been thrown back at themselves. Without being in the least strait-laced, however, it is possible to sympathise with the northern divines to some extent. A Sunday evening recital by a travelling opera company that has paraded before the local footlights all the week is, I take leave to think, somewhat different, both as to purpose and results, from a similar recital undertaken by those who are regularly engaged as church musical workers. There is usually no other object in giving these recitals than the securing of a little more coin to swell the week's drawings; and my own experience is that the public rush after them simply as they would rush to some show business. The press, unfortunately, seems to be entirely on the side of the secularisation of the Sunday, and rather enjoys the spectacle of empty

churches and crowded concert-halls on a Sunday evening.

A curious case has been heard in the Glasgow courts, having reference to a church harmonium. A local firm of music-sellers sued the minister of a certain church for delivery of an instrument which had been got on the hire payment system, and "gifted" by a gentleman who became bankrupt before making any part of the payment. The sheriff held that a bill having been accepted, the hire purchase agreement must be held departed from. He therefore decided in favour of the minister, and so the music of the reverend gentleman's church will continue to be extracted from an unpaid instrument. Churches have a reputation for getting into debt, but not many churches seek to shirk their moral responsibilities in the way of finance by invoking the aid of the law courts.

The Edinburgh Free Church Praise Union again combined their forces for a united performance, and filled St. George's to overflowing. Dr. Whyte on the occasion directed his usual Bunyan lecture into the channel of praise, taking as his theme Mercy's exclamation in the House Beautiful—"Wonderful! music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven." One gathers that Dr. Whyte has an unbounded reverence for the Scottish Metrical psalms, but one may be permitted to hope that something better will constitute the "Pilgrim music" of the real House Beautiful.

The Wellpark Free Church Musical Association submitted on Wednesday, the 15th ult., an admirable programme, consisting of Gaul's *Ruth* and several miscellaneous pieces. The praiseworthy rendering of the various choruses in the cantata gave evidence of the careful and judicious training of the conductor, Mr. John Boyne, and called forth the hearty applause of a large audience. The second part of the programme was made up of anthems and solos, mostly rendered for the first time in Scotland; and these being of a very attractive and pleasing character added not a little to the success of a very enjoyable recital.

That the hearty singing of "the people called Methodists" might well be the envy of many genteel congregations who never open their lips in praise, was a thought which occurred to me the other evening at a recital in Nicholson Square Methodist Church, Edinburgh. The choir evidently enjoyed the bright selections from Haydn and Farmer, to say nothing of "See the Conquering Hero comes," and sang with a zest that was quite refreshing. The organist, Mr. W. E. Clapperton, contributed several numbers to the programme, which were somewhat marred by the noisy action of the instrument. Alas! that church committees so seldom think of the poor player, and leave him to extract soul and feeling from an instrument which is incapable of either.

NOTES.—*The Scottish Pulpit's* "musical commissioner" gives a most appreciative account of the music at Free College Church, Glasgow, which is led by a paid quartette of professional vocalists.—Praise is also awarded to the singing at St. Vincent Street U. P. Church, the minister of which, Mr. Rennie, was one of Mr. Curwen's pioneer teachers in Scotland.—The congregation of Selkirk Free Church have decided to introduce an organ.—Mr. Max Hochstein, Edinburgh, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the U. P. Church of the Martyrs, North Berwick.—A most successful performance of *The Messiah* was given by the choir of Rosehall U. P. Church, under the leadership of Mr. Osborne W. Pink, who has much improved the musical service of this church since he became connected with it.—Dr. Grieg, on leaving Lauriston Place U. P. Church, Edinburgh, has been presented by the choir and friends with a massive silver-mounted inkstand. J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

NONCONFORMIST CHOIR UNION.

ON Tuesday, the 14th ult., a special choral service was held at the City Temple, when about 150 singers formed the choir. The programme included "The heavens proclaim Him" (Beethoven), Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D (Garrett), "O come, let us worship" (Mendelssohn), "Blessing, glory, wisdom" (Tours), besides hymns and a chant. The singing was good, the chant going especially well. Mr. Rechab Tandy kindly undertook the tenor solo in Mendelssohn's work, which he sang with good effect. The quartet in "Blessing, glory, wisdom" was very tastefully given by Madame Barter, Miss Warr, Mr. Tandy, and Mr. W. P. Richards. Mr. Ernest W. E. Blandford accompanied with excellent judgment. Mr. E. Minshall conducted. Dr. Parker gave the address. We should like to see much more interest taken in these church festivals, both by choirs and congregations.

Nonconformist Church Organs.

PARK CHAPEL, CROUCH END, N.

Built by Messrs. Henry Willis & Sons.

Consisting of three complete Manuals, from CC to G, 56 notes; and two octaves and a half of concave and radiating Pedals, from CCC to F, 30 notes.

Great Organ, 11 Stops.

	Feet.
1. Double Open Diapason	16
2. Open Diapason	8
3. Open Diapason	8
4. Claribel Flute	8
5. Flûte Harmonique	4
6. Principal	4
7. Twelfth	3
8. Fifteenth	2
9. Sesquialtera	—
10. Posaune	8
11. Clarion	4

Swell Organ, 13 Stops.

12. Lieblich Bourdon	16
13. Lieblich Gedact	8
14. Open Diapason	8
15. Salicional	8
16. Vox Angelica	8
17. Gemshorn	4
18. Flageolet	2
19. Mixture	—
20. Contra Hautboy	16
21. Hautboy	8
22. Cornopean	8
23. Vox Humana	8
24. Clarion	4

Choir Organ, 7 Stops.

25. Dulciana	8
26. Gamba	8
27. Lieblich Gedact	8
28. Claribel Flute	8
29. Concert Flute	4
30. Piccolo	2
31. Corno di Bassetto	8

Pedale, 4 Stops.

32. Open Diapason	16
33. Bourdon	16
34. Violoncello	8
35. Ophicleide	16

Couplers.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 36. Swell to Great, sub-octave. | 40. Swell to Choir. |
| 37. Swell to Great, unison. | 41. Swell to Pedals. |
| 38. Swell to Great, super-octave. | 42. Choir to Pedals. |
| 39. Choir to Great. | 43. Great to Pedals. |
| One double-acting Piston for the Great to Pedal Coupler. | 44. Tremulant. |
| One double-acting Piston for the Swell to Great Coupler. | |
| Four double-acting Pedals to the Great and Pedal Organs. | |
| Three double-acting Pedals to the Swell Organ. | |

Summary.

Stops.	Feet.	Pipes.	Stops.	Pipes.
6	16 tone	258	= 11 Great Organ	728
17	8 "	914	13 Swell "	828
6	4 "	336	7 Choir "	392
1	3 "	56	4 Pedale "	120
3	2 "	168		
2 various "		336		

35 Speaking Stops 2068
9 Couplers, etc.

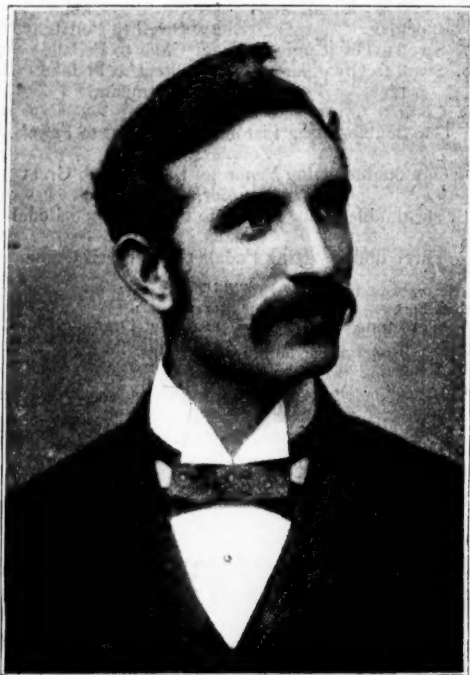
44 Ivory Draw Nobs.

The instrument is built upon the compressed-air system invented by Henry Willis, with further pneumatic improvements under the patents of Vincent Willis, producing instantaneous attack, reiteration, and staccato effects.

LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR.

The annual winter concert was held in the Albert Hall on Saturday, February 25th, and was even better attended than usual, the spacious edifice being comfortably filled. The performance was exceedingly good, and reflects great credit on all concerned. The choruses and part-songs were well rendered—time, tune, and expression being very carefully observed. Of the anthems, "Leave us not, neither forsake us" was probably the most popular, and Mendelssohn's "Morning Prayer" was deservedly encored. Madame Antoinette Sterling—always a great favourite at these concerts—gave "Crossing the Bar" (Behrend), "When the Tide comes in" (Barnby), and "Love comes to all" (Molloy) with great acceptance, and was enthusiastically recalled. The other vocalist was Mr. James Horncastle (the son of a former organist to the choir), and so well did he sing that early in the programme he received an unmistakable encore. Mr. Arthur Payne played a concerto by De Beriot with his accustomed skill. The orchestra, consisting of about eighty performers, played several pieces, most of them in good style. Mr. David Davies as usual presided at the organ most efficiently, and Mr. Horace G. Holmes rendered valuable service at the piano. Mr. Luther Hinton as conductor may be congratulated on keeping his youthful forces well under control.

Founded in 1871 to promote and improve part-singing among Sunday-school teachers and scholars, and to cultivate Christian unity among Sunday-school workers of all denominations, this association, the active secretary of which is Mr. J. Barnard, will celebrate this year its "coming of age." A thanksgiving service will take place in the Wesleyan Chapel, East India Road, Poplar, on the 21st inst., where the first meeting was held on June 12th, 1871, and the Lord Mayor has arranged to give a reception at the Mansion House on May 12th to the representative members and officials. The festival book for the Crystal Palace fête on June 21st has been enlarged, Sir Joseph Barnby and Mr. A. R. Gaul, both of whom are vice-presidents of the association, having composed two pieces expressly for the occasion.



Music at St. James's Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It may be said at once that this church is one of the most popular places of worship in the north of England, and it certainly deserves such a reputation.

The handsome and commodious building was erected some fifteen years ago, from designs by Mr. T. Lewis Banks, at a cost of £17,000. In style it is Early English Gothic, and is built of stone throughout; it will comfortably seat a congregation of one thousand persons on the ground floor; besides this, there is a small gallery at the back, which will accommodate another hundred or so.

In point of architecture it is quite up to date in artistic appearance, and it seems a matter of regret that its beauty should be hidden to such an unfortunate extent by the many buildings which crowd round it, as it would have constituted an elegant adornment to one of Newcastle's finest streets. The style of the interior reminds us of Union Chapel, Islington, and more especially of Mr. Horton's church, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead. Everything has been arranged in the matter of sitting so that all the congregation may see and hear the minister with perfect ease and comfort, though the worthy architect seems to have almost forgotten the poor choir and organ, which have had to shift for themselves, and are really by no means in a satisfactory position yet.

Many very handsome stained-glass windows please the eye as one looks around, and much may be said in praise of the carved woodwork overhead. All this helps to arouse one's best emotions,

and is in no small degree conducive to feelings of sanctity and worship. Such edifices as these do a great deal to attract our younger friends. And why not? Surely it may be that in many instances this admiration of the beautiful in art has been the means of leading on and on to the worship of God Himself, from whom all true art is inspired! We have little sympathy with those who think fit to condemn all such ideas, and who think better to worship inside white-washed walls—those who would crowd out all signs of decoration, and who are afraid of introducing anything in the way of music and singing other than the old-fashioned ways. Our motive would rather be to provide the very best of all true art for the Church—the grandest buildings and the most refined taste in every possible way, especially so in music, the best of which should be heard in the church in all conceivable forms, and not so much left to the concert platform.

The Rev. Henry Batchelor was formerly the pastor of this church. He was succeeded by the present minister, the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., who has presided over its affairs for some years past with the greatest success. Mr. Jowett is quite a young man; but young as he is, has succeeded in winning for himself an enviable position in Nonconformist circles generally, and especially in Newcastle, where his popularity as an earnest, hard-working preacher of the Gospel is perhaps second to none. He will surely be one of our greatest and most influential men, providing life and health are spared; and we sincerely trust such will be the case.

Our portrait reveals the pleasing features of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Albert Kent, who was unanimously elected to the post out of a large number of applicants in November 1890. Mr. Kent displayed a taste for music at a very early age, and before he was seventeen used to play regularly in one of the parish churches in Newcastle, after which he held appointments at Blenheim Street and Bensham Road Wesleyan Chapels. He also gained considerable notoriety by his many recitals given on the grand organ at the Newcastle Exhibition in the Jubilee year. His services are highly appreciated both by his choir and the congregation.

The organ, which was built fifteen years ago by Mr. F. C. Nicholson, of Newcastle, from a specification approved by Dr. Wm. Rea, has two manuals, and contains eight stops in great organ and seven in swell. It stands in an awkward position near the pulpit in one corner of the church, while the choir are in the gallery at the farther end—a very uncomfortable arrangement both for the organist, choir, and congregation; but considering the way the place is built, it is by no means an easy matter to effect a satisfactory alteration, and the authorities are naturally much concerned as to the best course to adopt. We like to see the choir, as well as the minister, in full view of the whole of the congregation. It is not an easy matter for the choir to lead the singing when they are bringing up the rear, so to speak; hence we think it would be better if some accommodation

could be made for the singers near the organ and pulpit. Perhaps it would be possible to utilise some of the space in front of the pulpit, or else raise some of the pews in front of the organ a foot or so above the ground floor. Something should be done, and that speedily, as the present *modus operandi* is altogether unworthy of such an elaborate church and intelligent congregation.

The choir consists of about thirty members, all voluntary, with the exception of two. The leading soprano is Miss Lizzie Sneath, a popular professional vocalist in the locality, who has held the appointment for seven years. Practices are held every Friday evening from 8 to 9.30, when the Sunday music is rehearsed, after which works by various masters are taken up for study, several of which, such as Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Barnby's *Rebekah*, have been performed with great credit at special services connected with the church, when professional soloists of repute have been engaged.

A monthly record is published, which contains the news of the various institutions of the church during each month; in this is printed, beside the organ voluntaries, the lists of hymns and chants for each Sunday—a great help to choir and congregation, as it enables them to practise tunes, etc., beforehand, an idea which many other churches would do well to follow.

Though the morning of our visit in the middle of January last was cold and icy, a good congregation had assembled. After a short voluntary played by Mr. Kent, the choir sang the Sanctus (No. 83, by Forbes), from the book of chants and anthems edited by Mr. Barrett. Mr. Jowett then offered a short prayer, which was followed by the Lord's Prayer, chanted by the choir without accompaniment in a very reverential and quiet manner. The whole congregation then joined heartily in singing hymn No. 64 from the "Congregational Church Hymnal," "Glory to God on high" (tune *Greenwood*). At its conclusion Mr. Jowett read the Old Testament lesson, which was followed by chant 76 (Alcock), "O come, let us sing unto the Lord." The phrasing here was much too hurried at times, especially in the lines "O come, let us worship and bow down," and again in the sentence "And said, it is a people that do err in their hearts." Each of these lines was rather scamped over. Punctuation also lacked attention. With these exceptions the chant went very well, Mr. Kent accompanying with considerable ability. Next came the New Testament lesson, and after this anthem No. 14, "As pants the hart," was very tastefully rendered by the choir, the latter half being sung unaccompanied, which produced a most impressive effect. During the anthem the congregation remained seated. Our attention was riveted to Mr. Jowett throughout his prayer, which revealed a soul of great sympathy and intense earnestness, his utterances being marked with much originality and refinement. The offertory was then announced, during which Mr. Kent gave us much pleasure by playing Widor's "Allegro Cantabile." According to the usual custom, a children's hymn was the next item, No. 760, "Jesus,

gentlest Saviour" (tune *Enon*). Now it is sermon time, and Mr. Jowett has a familiar text for us from the greatest sermon ever preached: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." From these immortal words the preacher played upon our heart-strings and produced music in our souls which will not soon be forgotten. Speaking with much sympathy of lives full of tumult and unrest, hearts choked with bitter grief, the icy dulness of adversity, the pent-up sorrows of loneliness, and the pangs of bereavement, he said one of the best and surest ways in which to be a peacemaker to such lives, to ease and relieve such burdened hearts, is to give them an outlet, a vent. Sorrow becomes masterful, tyrannical, and oppressive when it is compelled to be confined within the limits of one heart. A great deal of sorrow can pass away on the vehicle of mere speech. The great need of to-day is not for sympathetic speakers, but for sympathetic listeners. To be a good listener is to be one of the world's healers. We are not called upon so much to go and say something to grief, as to give grief the opportunity of saying something to us. To listen to another's sorrow is to share it. These are the peacemakers, the "children of God." Mr. Jowett then dealt with mental unrest, lives in continual turbulence because of perplexity and doubt. A man's doubt often lingers about jots and tittles to the overlooking of the all-important. They are the true peacemakers who have faith in the strong arms of sympathy, and will go and guide these distressed lives away from barren speculative research into the green pastures and by the still waters of self-denying service. After this he spoke of unrest in the conscience. Round about us are crowds of people whose abused and violated consciences beget a constant pain—multitudes of our fellow-creatures who have passed through the deep mire of transgressions, and who have deeply sorrowed for their sins, but whose lives are roused and tossed into a ceaseless agitation by the unappeased demands of conscience. How shall we be peacemakers? First by remembering that we are not the avengers. It is not ours to carry the sceptre, to be bearers of judgment, but bearers of peace. All our conduct is to be based on this: "I am to be a peacemaker, and I must bring this soul and God together. I must do nothing in speech or deed which will widen the gulf between God and His erring child. I must be a mediator, an ambassador for Christ, and seek to effect a reconciliation." He who by the display of a winsome, gentle, disposition shall lead a sin-ravaged soul to the mercy seat of God, shall find that about his life there glows the radiance of the promise enshrined in the Master's words: "They shall be called the children of God."

If after these words of wisdom the choir had sung "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace," what unction it would have lent to the occasion! Instead of this, however, we had hymn 282, "We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord" (tune *Southwell*), which revealed some good congregational singing and able manipulation of the organ. The Benediction being pro-

nounced, the choir sang the Amen, but not Stainer's "Sevenfold," as is more usual with them. The familiar strains of Handel's overture to the Occasional Oratorio then gave us the delight which it always does. There's nothing like the grand old master's colossal rolls of sound to close a service with: the majestic torrents and cascades of music seem to take up the spirit of hymns, prayers, sermon and all, and waft us far away into regions where speech is lost and where language fails to enter.

The service throughout was rich in culture, refinement, and "peace which passeth all knowledge." May it be our pleasure to go again!

The New Organist.

(Continued from page 42.)

IV.

From ROBERT HOPE, ESQ., to the REV. GEORGE STAPLEDUN.

"July 4th, 18—.

"DEAR STAPLEDUN,—

"Do you remember how, rather more than twelve months ago, when I wrote you word that we were to have a new organ, you replied with an eloquent remonstrance, and, Cassandra-like, prophesied evil things of that step?—how, indeed, you foretold that we should be bringing into our midst a very apple of discord? I, alas! remember only too well how indignant I was at what (I am ashamed to confess it) I then thought the dismal foreboding of an ancient Puritan soul. I own that I then thought your extract from Spenser,* by which you seemed to imply that we should degenerate like the Lydians, was not applicable, or, at least, a great deal stronger than our circumstances would warrant. But I confess now, sorrowfully and reluctantly, that all your prognostications have fulfilled themselves. You said that with a new organ we should want a new organist; and a new organist we have. When Milton advised that music should form part of a liberal education, and that students should be present every day 'whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descendant in lofty fugues,' his prophetic, soul never pictured such a man as we now have. Skilful indeed, and capable, I can assure you, of as fanciful a descendant as would have delighted Abt Vogler himself; but 'grave,' 'lofty,'—these are not adjectives in which our organist has any part or lot.

"He came to us with strong recommendations, and it would be absurd to deny that in solo-playing he exhibits an ease and a mastery over his instrument which are unsurpassable. But these are not the only desiderata; and when our organist committee was formed, I, not being one of them, implored the members to satisfy themselves on other points, such as

* "Therefore it is written by Aristotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians that were a warlike nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, he chaunged their apparell and musick, . . . and insteede of their warlick musick, appoynted to them certayne lascivious layes, and loose gigges, by which in shorte space their mindes were so mollyfyed and abated that they forgate theyr former fierceness, and became most tender and effeminate."—*View of the Present State of Ireland.*

his general musical culture, his personal character, his bearing towards the choir, and, above all, his religious sympathies. Alas! amid the multitude of counsellors there was little wisdom. The man they appointed—I do not hesitate to say, now that we have had nearly a twelvemonth's bitter experience—is absolutely destitute of all the qualities essential to one in his position. Of general musical culture he has not an iota; he seems to have a consuming passion for ridiculous variations on trashy airs. As to his character, I have nothing definitely immoral to charge against him; but if his actions are animated by principle at all, which is doubtful, his standard is low-pitched; indeed, I doubt whether it rises higher than his own diminutive stature. His bearing—let me tell you that he is quite a youth, an ill-bred one to boot, with loud voice, cacophonous laughter, and an insolent puppy-like air of disrespect to his superiors (who are everybody) that makes one's fingers itch to whip him. I had him home to tea early in his engagement with us. He insulted my wife, broke one of my chairs in his vehement amusement at something that had been said, and treated my daughter as though she were any milkmaid whom he had associated with for years on equal terms in the dairy. The young people, indeed, thought him fine fun at first. He was a 'dear little fellow,' a 'rough diamond,' an 'unsophisticated product of nature,' an 'out-and-outer,' and so on. He is certainly amusing in his way; and when he put his head in at the carriage window when some half-dozen of us were going, in our customary suits of solemn black, to the funeral of poor old Mr. Baddeley, and asked us if we were going for a 'spree,' it was impossible for us, even then, to resist a smile. But when, after one of the choir practices, I caught him with his arm round Isabel's waist, offering to kiss her. I did not smile. I confess that my blood began to boil, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I refrained from adding a physical castigation to my indignant remonstrances—which he received with inextinguishable laughter.

"Though this last confession forbids me to say, with Brutus, 'I know no personal cause to spurn at him,' yet you who know me so well will not disbelieve me when I say that I rest my case against him on the fourth count of the indictment. You, of all men, are not likely to disagree with me when I say that sympathy with the general religious aims of a church is a *sine quâ non* in an organist. I should never think of taking into my employment a man, however clever in his way, who was covertly opposed to my policy, and inclined to thwart my plans. Yet that is what the church has done. You will wish to know whether this want of sympathy has shown itself in overt act, or whether it is not perhaps a fancy. I say nothing of the playing of such trash as 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' as a voluntary, because no one recognised the melody, and we should not have known that it had been played if the disappointed little fellow had not vouchsafed the information. But when, at a public devotional meeting, the irreverent scamp looked up at the ceiling with a look of unctuous piety, and loudly and fervently added an 'Amen!' to a prayer, in undisguised mockery of an excellent old lady who sat near him, you will admit

we had some cause to doubt whether the gay Lothario would exercise a very elevating influence upon our young people. Moreover, at our choir practices he is giving less and less attention to the worship music. When he takes his list and turns up a tune, 'Oh, we know that!' he says, and goes on to the next, neglecting the hymn as quite unworthy of attention. He will frequently set a plaintive hymn to a robustious tune, and at the organ on Sundays counts the verses, and varies his stops at mere caprice, with absolutely no reference to the words. It has not seldom occurred that he has even forgotten to count the verses, with the result that he plays Amen a verse too soon, or begins another verse when we are expecting the Amen. And, not long ago, when it was announced from the pulpit that a certain verse of a hymn was to be omitted, 'Sing it all!' he shouted to the choir.

"I could add instance to instance, but already I can fancy your lip curling in disgust, and you asking why we tolerate such impertinences and profanities. My dear fellow, we seem to be as demoralised as the Lydians were. Our strength has become weakness and our hearts as water. I have suggested again and again that the man ought to go; but I am asked to remember that he is young, though daily growing older; that one must not be too hard on youth; that he has his living to get; that he plays the clarinet magnificently;—all of which answers I take to be irrelevant. But I suppose we must possess our souls in patience. The fellow has so got the whip hand of the authorities that, in mere arrogance, he will make a fatal *faux pas* soon. In the meantime not only myself, but many more, are irritated and grieved beyond measure, and instead of thinking Sunday the best of all the seven, dread its coming, and welcome its close with relief. But I must have wearied you. If you can write anything for my consolation, let not your answer be long delayed; if not, I think it will be best not to add to the bitterness of spirit of

"Yours ever faithfully,

"ROBERT HOPE."

V.

From JAMES HARDPRESS, Secretary of Slumberton Independent Church, to HORACE GALLAGHER, Organist of the same.

"October 8th, 18—.

"SIR,—

"I am requested by the Pastor and Deacons of the above church to intimate to you that a month from this date they will cease to require your services at the organ.

"I am, yours truly,

"J. HARDPRESS."

VI.

From RUTH HARDPRESS to KATE HARDPRESS.

"November 18th, 18—.

"If you only knew what you have missed, Katie dear, you'd wish from the bottom of your heart you had left school and were at home. I told you some time ago that Horace Gallagher had been caught kissing Bella Hope. Well, that young gentleman has been making more of an exhibition of himself than ever.

About the end of September, one Sunday evening Mr. Texter had given out the hymn, and we were of course expecting to hear the tune played; but no sound came from the organ. There was an awful silence. We began to suspect that Mr. Horace was asleep, so one of the choir men pulled aside the curtain to see. But *no one was there!* Somebody went to see if he could be found, and Mr. Texter read the hymn through; then, as no one came, he suggested that Miss Bell should play. But, as it happened, Miss Bell was away, and no one else ventured to touch the instrument, so Mr. Texter himself started *the wrong tune*, and at last he abruptly closed the service. As we were leaving, up ran Horace breathless. 'Service over?' he cried. 'Haw! haw! haw!' You know his way. It appeared that during the sermon he felt—hungry, he *said*, and went home 'to get a mouthful.' He wasn't a bit perturbed: thought it amazing good fun. Would you believe it?—those deacons *forgave him*.

"But worse was to come. You know our usual autumn concert; well, Horace engaged, without telling anybody, a crack string quartet, and four first-rate professional singers to take part. It was a grand concert; we all enjoyed it.—Madame — had on the most *lovely* frock: I'll tell you all about it when I see you.—But imagine the deacons' joy when the bill was sent in to them!—I forget how many pounds. There was a *storm*. A special meeting was called, and little Horace got his *congé*. You see, their pockets were touched!

"That isn't all. He left on Sunday week; played four funeral marches as a farewell; smashed the lock of the organ; cut open the leather of one of the bellows; took out some of the smaller pipes and dropped them into the larger ones; scratched the names off the stops, so that it was impossible to distinguish one from another; and so contrived that if one pedal were put down four others went with it. As it happened, the man who was to play last Sunday came in the week to practise, and was nearly frightened out of his wits at what happened when he began to play; but, fortunately, there was time to get the organ builder to repair the damage. I *have* heard that the deacons have given him a good testimonial!! Now, don't you think you *have* missed something?

"SISSIE."

(To be continued.)

A Famous Hymn-Tune Composer.

WHEN Dr. Winter Hamilton handed to the printer the manuscript of his Life of the Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, he said, "Now, sir, do your work quickly, for ministers are soon forgotten." John Bacchus Dykes was a minister, whose biography still remains to be written, although it is close upon seventeen years since he died; and yet he is neither forgotten nor likely to be so. His hymn-tunes are among the finest examples of modern times, full of charm of sentiment, tenderness of melodic expression, and warm harmonic colour; and their association with the very best productions of our hymn-writers has been the means of carrying them into every corner of the English-speaking world. In this way their composer is kept on the borders of the living

land, and we may be sure that he will remain there so long as the current of hymn-music flows in the channel which Dykes himself was the first to set running.

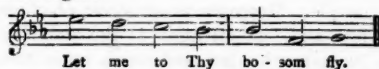
There has been a good deal of cheap criticism applied to Dr. Dykes and his hymn-tunes, chiefly, I believe, by those who disliked him for no other reason than that he was an amateur. In 1874 some anonymous reviewer in a musical journal found fault with his anthem "The Lord is my Shepherd" on the score of false relations, wrong fugal answers, inconsiderate vocal compass, extraneous modulations, and so on; and finished up by throwing at the composer's head the well-worn advice which bids the cobbler stick to his last. "The evidence of Dr. Dykes' musicianship," said this censor, "does not rise with the importance of the task he undertakes. A successful hymn may come from natural talent by what is called inspiration; but the design, and, far more, the execution of an extensive and complicated composition, can only come from talent developed by sheer study, and this is scarcely compatible with the pursuit of music as a relaxation from another profession." Here is the cloven hoof without a doubt. It is interesting to quote Dr. Dykes' rejoinder, because many are exactly in the same position of having to submit to captious criticism and fault-finding merely for its own sake. The critic, he says, "plainly considers that because I am a parson I have no business to write music; and that if I do, I must be true to my cloth, and make a suitable number of 'clerical errors.' However, I leave my anthem to its fate. Experience has taught me that if music is good and genuine and written from the heart, no amount of adverse criticism will, in the long-run, injure it; and that if it is worthless, no amount of puffing will make it live."

These be words that not even a professional critic would dare to gainsay; but unfortunately there have been a good many people who have not thought it sufficient that Dykes' music should be "genuine and written from the heart." The main charge against his hymn-tunes seems to be that they are too pretty, too namby-pamby, as some will have it. Henry Smart was one who found that he could not take kindly to them. "To my mind," he said, "they have generally an effeminacy of character which is not appropriate"; and he instanced the following as the kind of thing to which he objected:—



But this kind of criticism can assuredly be carried too far. I have in my mind a long-since defunct periodical which had the self-satisfied assurance to take exception to the second line of *Hollingside*, which, said the writer, "quite spoils the whole tune, and we fear will prevent it taking a permanent place in the service of praise." The advice never to prophesy unless you know would seem to be in place here; but as a sample of what the critic would do to redeem the effeminacy which he finds so characteristic of Dykes, let us see what he suggests in this particular case. It is the

cadence, it seems, that is wrong; and this is how it is to be made right:—



One example is worth a lot of precept, and I suspect that most of us will prefer to have our Dykes undiluted, even though we offend the Puritans thereby.

As a matter of fact, Dykes himself condemned the very thing of which this type of critic complains. Speaking of hymn-tunes in a lecture which he delivered at Birmingham in 1872, he remarked: "There are two dangers in the use of this class of music which must be guarded against: the one of introducing thoughtlessly and indiscreetly ancient church melodies, and the other extreme of modern secularity. Many of the old Latin hymns have been very successfully translated, but their old tunes are unfit for musical use. On the other hand, many modern tunes are very effeminate. Their use in the service of the Church must be deprecated. It must be borne in mind that everything Gregorian is not necessarily fitted for use because it is Gregorian, and that all pretty music is not necessarily suitable because of its prettiness. The great difficulty is to find music which, while essentially pure, good, and religious, is yet pleasing, sympathetic, and intelligible enough to be really a devotional aid to people in their worship." It is hardly likely that Dykes would knowingly offend against his own principles; and an unbiassed critic will certainly admit that the difficulty of which he here speaks has been to a very great extent met by his own contributions to the music of the Church.

But let us see, before going further, who and what manner of man this John B. Dykes was. To begin with, his family are said to have been the descendants of a certain William de Dykes who came over at the Conquest. He was the grandson of the Rev. Thomas Dykes, familiarly known as "Good old Tommy Dykes," who, for the long period of fifty-six years, held the incumbency of St. John's Church, Hull. His father was a bank manager, and he himself was born at Hull on March 10th, 1823. He appears to have given early evidence of some of the characteristics of the musical prodigy. Music, as his sister has told us, seemed to come to him as by instinct, and he could catch any air or play from ear long before he was able to play from note. Naturally he was much about the organ-loft in his grandfather's church; and we read of him taking a part in the service when he was only ten years old. By-and-by his father went to live at Wakefield; and here John entered the West Riding Proprietary School, where he remained until 1843, when he went to St. Catherine's Hall, Cambridge. In the University town he soon became very popular, owing to his versatile gifts and pleasing manner, and his musical skill was thought sufficiently marked to secure him the conductorship of the University Musical Society. The student who takes to music is sometimes apt to neglect the severer branches of education; but Dykes husbanded his time well, and neglected none of his regular college work. Every day he got through a certain amount of exegetical as well as devotional study of the New Testament or the Psalms; and, as one of his biographers says, even so early in life he was very fond

of striving to unravel the mysterious prophecies contained in the Books of Daniel and the Revelation. "Newton on the Prophecies" he looked upon as a kind of relaxation from harder studies, just as in later life the composition of hymn-tunes and other music was felt to be a relief from parochial duties.

In January 1847 Mr. Dykes graduated B.A., and in the same year, having taken Holy Orders, was licensed to the curacy of Malton, in Yorkshire. Two years later he was appointed minor canon and precentor of Durham Cathedral, partly no doubt owing to his success as conductor at Cambridge. His grandfather had always deprecated the time he spent upon music, and used to upbraid him something after this fashion: "What, John! fiddling again! fiddling again! I don't know what will come of it." The old man had been dead some time before the appointment was made to Durham; but in his letter to his father announcing his success Dykes remarked, "I wonder what my grandfather would have said could he have known what 'fiddling again' has done for me." At the cathedral the new precentor found plenty of scope for his energies, and it was with a view to its services that he now began seriously to compose. He wrote a burial service and other music for special use at Durham, and this was also a most productive period in regard to hymn-tunes. "No place," wrote the Dean of Durham, "owed Dr. Dykes more gratitude than Durham. Eminently qualified by his genius to conduct its noble services, no one could better appreciate their religious power and beauty, and no man could regard his office in a more religious light, and labour more personally to make those who attended and assisted in them feel that to sing to the praise and glory of God is an essential function of God's worship." Dr. Dykes was a great advocate of congregational singing, and often used to urge it in his sermons. In one address, speaking of how the popular singing-class must indirectly contribute to the improvement of church music, he said: "Public worship, our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, is a sacred exercise which should engage the activities not of our ears only, but of our whole being, body, soul, and spirit; it is an oblation of heart and voice to God, an offering of the best of what we have to Him. And if people love an attractive service and ceremonial, we must always remember that it is God Almighty who first taught them to love it and encouraged us to employ it."

In 1861 the University of Durham conferred on Dykes the degree of Doctor of Music in recognition of his talent; and in the following year he was presented to the vicarage of St. Oswald's, Durham, on which he resigned his precentorship. This was his last appointment, and in some respects it was by no means smooth and peaceful. Not that Dykes' people had any ground for objection to him, or sought to find a cause of complaint. On the contrary, they both loved and respected him; and when he died, after fourteen years' earnest labour amongst them, he was sincerely mourned. But, unfortunately for himself, Dr. Dykes was a Churchman who believed in an advanced ceremonial, and his ritualism brought him into conflict with the Bishop, who, in fact, prosecuted him in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It was in reference to the high service at St. Oswald's that Lord Beaconsfield delivered himself of the allitera-

tive pun "Mass in masquerade." The old *Choir* tells us something about the matter. "He was," we read, "not an extreme ritualist; but, like the great body of moderate High Churchmen, he had always adopted the eastward position in the celebration of the Eucharist. This, together with some lesser matters, the Bishop of Durham required him to abandon on pain of his refusal to license a curate. Dr. Dykes felt himself unable to comply without, as it seemed to him, betraying his Master's cause, and he strove single-handed to supply to his people all the ministrations to which they had previously been accustomed when he had the assistance of a curate to share his work." But the strain was too much. His health, never very robust, completely broke down; and the end came at St. Leonards—whither he had gone in hope of a recovery—on January 20th, 1876. In 1850 he had married Miss Kingston, of Malton, who still lives along with her family of two sons and four daughters. One of the sons is a clergyman, and the other, Mr. J. A. Dykes, is a professional musician, who, as a composer, was recently represented by a pianoforte trio in E minor at the Monday Popular Concerts. Dykes, it is said, could not insure his life for want of the necessary medical certificate; and after his death an appeal was made for his widow and children, whose income was stated to be under £50 a year. I mention this merely to suggest that Dr. Dykes must in many cases have given the results of his musical talent without consideration of fee or reward; and indeed I believe it is a fact that he did much gratuitous work in this way until Dr. Allon made him a pecuniary return for contributions to "The Congregational Psalmist." But his family assuredly had the reward that was denied to himself, for his tunes had touched the heart of the people, and a £10,000 memorial was the result of the appeal.

Dykes' character throughout his whole life was of a bright, sunny, joyous nature, and, as his sister says, he had a wonderful power of making friends—of inspiring ardent friendships. He was a most amusing and delightful companion, and could light up even a church congress with jokes. One story he sometimes told was to this effect:—The churchwardens of a certain Yorkshire village had just introduced a new instrument to the singing-gallery. The archdeacon, not knowing its exact nature, bethought him of a means of acquiring some needful funds. After a little consideration, he advised the churchwardens to have a grand "opening recital," and to invite the celebrated Dr. C— to play. The suggestion was adopted, the great day arrived, and with it Dr. C—. The latter was at once taken to the singing-loft, where stood the instrument in a case, brilliant with gilded pipes, technically known as dummies. "But where is the keyboard?" asked Dr. C—, who had been already somewhat disconcerted by the insignificant look of the instrument. "Oh," replied the churchwarden, "we turns ~~um~~ round wi' that there," pointing to the handle! No need for the retailer of this anecdote to add that the recital was not given by Dr. C—.

It would be very difficult to say how many hymn-tunes Dr. Dykes has left to us; they exist in so many and in such diverse collections that only an investigator with plenty of time on his hands and enthusiasm in his

breast could hope to succeed in the work of enumeration. But the number is certainly very great. A clerical admirer whose musical library is extensive has counted those in his possession, and he finds that the total runs up to 242, including the carols written for the Stainer and Bramley collection. There are very likely more, for Dykes was continually composing, and very often he gave away his manuscripts to friends without keeping a copy for himself. Various members of his family have revealed details of his habits of composition. Many of his best tunes came to him as inspirations after studying the words to which they are set; and for this reason he specially desired that his tunes should never be separated from the special hymn that had called them into being. He wrote his tunes mostly in the study, going to the piano only to satisfy himself about some of the harmonies. The tune to "Come, Holy Ghost" was composed in a railway train, and that to "Hark! hark! my soul" as he was going up Skiddaw. "As children," says his son, "we often used to sing some of his new tunes on Sunday evening; nor did we fail to criticise them, and not infrequently our suggestions were adopted. He used to say that he always made a practice of offering up some short prayer before he wrote anything."

There is no need in these columns to dwell on the popularity of Dr. Dykes' hymn-tunes, nor to point out how very much poorer the music of the Church would have been had he not contributed to its stores. Cardinal Newman, complimented once on his "Lead, kindly Light," expressed himself as deeply thankful for the popularity the hymn had gained, but added, "It is not the hymn, it is the *tune* that has gained the popularity: the tune is Dykes', and Dykes was a great master." Of how many more hymns might the same thing be said with equal truth! Dykes was one of the first composers of that class of tune in which the embodiment of a special sentiment is specially and successfully studied. If we look at the old English hymn- or rather psalm-tune, we can see the difference at once. The one is solid, regular, and cast in a uniform mould; the other is free in every sense of the term. The spirit of the earlier style was "to look at each chord as standing on its own merits, or at any rate to look forward in harmonising a psalm-tune not further than the next note or two: the habit of the modern composer of hymn-tunes is to construct in phrases of progressions, to devise analogies between whole lines, and to bind a succession of perhaps half-a-dozen pulses together by a little pedal-point." A freer use of dissonance, and an effort to mould other parts than the highest with a view to symmetry and melody, necessarily followed; and presently, instead of the *Old Hundredth*, we got *St. Sylvester*. Dr. Dykes it was whose pleasing and bold pen led the way to the freedom which the last-named tune exemplifies. He made a free use of discords, both prepared and unprepared, and passing notes were much adopted as an aid to melodious part-writing. One peculiarity of his tunes is a pedal-point at the beginning, and he also used sequences a good deal. This free employment of what the old church composer would practically have regarded as licences gives a warmth and colour to Dykes' tunes, which is probably the true secret of their popularity.

It is perhaps entirely on his hymn-tunes that Dr. Dykes' fame will rest; yet he has left a large number of more elaborate compositions for the Church, which stamp him as a man of very great ability and grasp of thought. Among his unpublished works there exist a beautiful and touching setting of the Burial Service for voices unaccompanied, a Communion Service in G, a Magnificat, and several anthems. He was a beautiful extemporiser on the organ; and when he accompanied the Church service in his own peculiar delicate way, he never failed to throw a charm around it. "His name," says one who knew him well, "was something more than a household word. His countless hymn-tunes are favourites everywhere; and it is well known that not one single devout feeling which those tunes express but was an abiding principle of action with him."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

Musical Criticism.

By JOSEPH W. G. HATHAWAY.

WITHOUT entering into the controversy on the value of musical criticism in England, we will glance at musical criticism generally, not merely from a professional's standpoint, but also speaking of the faculty of criticism that exists and is practised by each and all of us. Criticism is the art of judging, and not only of judging, but of judging with propriety: for of what value would judgment be if it were not true? We are all possessed of both these constituent parts of criticism: the power of judging with propriety or in good taste, though obviously these faculties are more discerning and keen in some of us than in others. Why this is so we cannot determine. Another necessary concomitant of real criticism is education: a mere cursory knowledge is insufficient; one must be cognisant, in the first place, of the *technique* which is called into play by the performance or production of art which we essay to arbitrate, by no means in such an advanced degree as to be able to undertake a similar performance or production ourselves, but merely a sufficient acquaintance with (if it is the question of some performance on a musical instrument) the capabilities and difficulties of the instrument, the particular difficulties of the work played, the correct expression which certain phrases or passages seem to demand, besides determining the result of the performance as a whole, and fixing its relative value as compared to similar performances by other executants. The same things are necessary to qualify one to criticise some art production or musical composition, though in a greater degree, for a further knowledge of *technique* is necessary, and a wider acquaintance with art in general. One must be able to analyse the structural features of the composition to its utmost particle, to indicate its weak and strong points, and to determine its position among similar works of its kind. The actual technical knowledge is not so difficult to acquire, and this is a position that may be attained by any one; but the highest and most real form of criticism is when judging, either condemning or praising, the intelligence, expression, *soul* of a performance or composition. It is easy to judge, but it is difficult to judge with propriety. To estimate and value correctly a highly

intellectual and musicianly display of skill, one must be possessed of fair understanding and an artistic temperament; and to judge with fealty to the tenets of correct expression and feeling, warmth or depth of emotion, and sympathy, one must be endowed with a clear insight of its propriety. In short, to criticise with truth and correct appreciation, one must be a musician oneself, to be able to assimilate, as it were, the feelings and sensibilities displayed in a work or performance, and to be in perfect touch with all that one comprehends by good taste. This, too, like *technique*, is the result of education, not in so absolute a degree, though in no small measure. The germ is innate, born in us, but is nothing without cultivation.

The talent for criticism must in no way be confounded with the talent for composition or performance: it is very distinct, and yet it is similar. It is distinct, for although the critical faculty exists in all of us in a more or less degree, yet a man who is a great critic may make a very ordinary executant or composer. The two have been combined, as the examples of Schumann and Berlioz show. The power which enables us to distinguish bad methods and forms in others does not always enable us to spot out faults of our own. We are all too apt to think our own geese swans. It is similar, because the power of genius, or what we understand by genius, is similar in all its phases; it enables us to see in nature something that escapes the observance of ordinary folk. A painter sees some beauty or feature in a landscape, in a sunset, in some every-day scene, which, when transferred to his canvas, exhibits such realness and accuracy that we too, we in our dull, don't care sort of way, see it, or fancy we see it—then we call him a genius. Or a sculptor, who sees and brings out in his work some form or emotion; or a musical executant, some new form of expression; or a composer, some novel idea, some fresh inspiration gathered from nature,—we call them geniuses too. And so with the critic: he sees something, by his minute perception of detail, which has escaped the notice of others, that appeals to his sense of judgment; and as his feeling of good and bad, artistic or otherwise, prompts him, so he extols or condemns. It was this perception of detail that enabled Solomon to place on record that judgment which has been handed down to us as an example of his wisdom, when by his clear insight into human nature he was able to arrive at a correct solution of the difficulty disputed by the two harlots. It is the same thing which aids our barristers when conducting their cases in a court of law, and enables them to turn, by what appears to the ordinary on-looker a mere detail, the whole course of the proceedings, and to end with a victory for their clients.

In a former article in this Journal we have considered the means for forming a good taste and feeling for the artistic. Mere good taste in no way ranks as high as musical criticism; good taste is what every one should acquire, but to the height of professional criticism few attain. The former aids us to the appreciation of the higher forms of art; the latter judges, points out the genuine from the sham, the true artist from the charlatan.

We go in very largely for hero worship. Some man or woman astonishes the world by his or her prodigious performance on some instrument, or by some musical

composition, which claims our admiration by its boldness of conception and originality of treatment. There are men and women, as we all know, who by their wondrous executive ability and intellectual attainments set the efforts of less endowed people in the shade. An individual who can convince the world, that in his particular sphere he is superior to any others, let him by all means be acknowledged as master of the field. He has earned it, and by right it is his. Rest assured he has not attained to such an altitude without many heart-burnings, struggles, and sleepless nights. There may be two claimants for precedence, say, in the performance of some particular instrument. They each have their supporters, the majority influenced not so much probably by a real conception of their genius as by some personal attributes which appeal to the imagination and go down so well with the mass, that from a strictly musical point of view the inferior may get preferred. Once a man, to use an Americanism, "strikes ile," or, as we say, makes a name, all goes well with him. What's in a name? One recalls the incident of Wesley, who once, when it became known that he would play at some service or recital, the people flocked to hear him. Wesley was going to play; it did not matter much to the majority how or what he played; it was Wesley—that was sufficient. Imagine the amusement of the great organist looking from his place of concealment in the organ-loft at the faces of enraptured hearers listening to one of his assistants, under the impression that it was Wesley himself! What's in a name? Obscure composers, rich, profoundly rich, in the "compliments and thanks" of unappreciative publishers, what's in a name? Alas! the world knows full well there is a great deal in a name. We applaud a singer whom we know by repute to be good, and ignore one whose name is fresh to us, simply because it is unknown to us. We praise a song or pianoforte piece which bears a well-known composer's name, more on account of the writer's name than of the real artistic value of the music, which, being written solely for ephemeral use and gain, is often, from a musician's point of view, scarcely worth the paper on which it is printed, and at the same time pass over a better and more musicianly production because the composer's name is not familiar to us. This is the result of hero worship, of *soi-disant* criticism, the criticism of the masses, although abetted in some measure by the professional critic, who either holds his own counsel or says just what little he can in its favour. This is its value, and this is what it must be taken for. No imputation must be taken as implied against the professional critic, for in the case referred to no real criticism is called for, the effort not being worthy of real criticism. With the *soi-disant* critic (his name is Legion—the man who never had a lesson in his life, don't you know, yet who volunteers a criticism in all seriousness on some great art works, or the individual who judges himself and his opinions above those who are more familiar with the muse) we are not concerned: we pass him by, as we do his criticisms, with silent contempt. Unfortunately, however, he is capable of working immense destruction, and of establishing a great amount of prejudice, which is so difficult to overcome.

The power of the professional critic is unbounded,

and his duties are obvious. By him is the mass of amateurs educated, and by him is the tide of musical opinion led or restrained. It has been often pointed out how much we depend for our enlightenment on every subject to the Press: it teaches us what to eat and what not to eat, what to wear and what not to wear, what to admire and what not to admire; therefore the power of these criticisms is illimitable, and they are responsible in a great measure for the artistic education and opinions of the general public. The first thing we think of after the production of some new work or appearance of some fresh performer is, "What do the papers say?" Let us hope, then, that, with careful and conscientious criticism, the artistic tendencies and sympathies of the inhabitants of these islands may be improved, until we may aspire to be termed, not an unmusical nation, but the most musical people in the world.

Echoes from the Churches.

(Paragraphs for this column should reach us by the 20th of the month.)

METROPOLITAN.

BERMONDSEY.—On the 19th and 21st ult., special services were held in connection with the first anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. H. A. Burleigh at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel. Special sermons were preached; and the following anthems were rendered by the choir under the direction of the conductor, Mr. T. E. Wade: "Glory be to God" (Nickolds); "Rest, weary heart," "Wake the song of jubilee" (Allen); "Rejoice in the Lord" (Coward); and "Sing unto the Lord" (Merritt). Mr. E. W. Partridge presided at the harmonium.

CROUCH END.—On the 17th ult. a new organ was opened at Park Chapel. The instrument consists of three complete manuals, is by Willis & Sons, London, and cost £1700. The service was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. A. Rowland, who delivered a fine and instructive dedicatory address. After a short service, Mr. Fountain Meen gave a recital on the organ in splendid style. His programme, which included E. J. Hopkins' "Andante con Moto" and Guilmant's "Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique," was interspersed with "Praise ye the Lord" (Goss) and "The Radiant Morn" by the choir. Much regret was felt through the absence of Mr. Josiah Booth, the esteemed organist, who was laid by with an attack of erysipelas.

DEPTFORD.—A performance of Farmer's oratorio *Christ and His Soldiers* was given in Maynard Road Congregational Church on Tuesday, February 14th, by the choir of Rotherhithe Free Church, assisted by a small band. The soloists were Miss Minnie Owen (soprano), Mrs. J. Tucker (contralto), Mr. E. A. E. Polley (tenor), and Mr. Henry W. Braine (bass). There was an appreciative audience, and much applause followed the rendering of the various numbers of the work, the quartet "Jesus died for us," by the above-named soloists, having to be repeated. The choruses were very well sung under the bâton of Mr. Joseph Tucker, of Woodford, who is also director of music at the Rotherhithe Free Church, and who is arranging to give a performance there on Good Friday of *The Messiah*, with band and professional soloists.

GOPEL OAK.—On Sunday evening, the 12th ult., in the Congregational Church, Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" was sung as the anthem, Miss Minnie Bush being the soloist. A new organ is likely to be placed in this church shortly.

HACKNEY.—With the commendable object of assisting the fund for providing free dinners to poor children at Ann's Place, Bethnal Green, a sacred concert was given before a numerous audience in Mare Street Chapel on February 23rd. The concert was under the able direction of Mr. Wm. H. Davies, the new organist and choir-master, who is to be congratulated upon its all-round success. The initial part of the programme comprised a cantata by T. Mee Pattison, entitled *The Miracles of Christ*, the tuneful music of which was sweetly rendered. Madame Clara West, Miss Bessie Grant, R.A.M., Mr. Jas. Horncastle, and Mr. A. Darkin were the principals, and all were heard to the best advantage, while the singing of the chorus, which was marked by excellent precision, left nothing to be desired. The second part, which was of a miscellaneous character, opened with a flute solo by Mr. H. J. Derham, whose brilliant execution received merited recognition. Miss Bessie Grant gave a tasteful rendering of Sullivan's beautiful solo "God shall wipe away all tears," and further distinguished herself in the plaintive song "There is a green hill far away," both contributions evoking rapturous applause. Madame Clara West sang "With verdure clad"; and other vocalists included Mr. Jas. Horncastle, who gave "The Holy City," and Mr. A. Darkin, who rendered in excellent style the well-known air "It is enough," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The accompaniments were skilfully played by Mr. Harold E. Mackinlay, organist of Islington Presbyterian Church.—Mr. Henry W. Dunkley, organist of the Congregational Church, Bethnal Green, gave two organ recitals at the Morley Hall during February. His programme included: "The March of the Jewish Warriors" (Shinn); "Heaven and earth display" (Mendelssohn's *Athalie*); "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan); "Festival March" (Dye); "March in F" (Wallis); "Waves of the Ocean" (Blake); "Vienna March" (Scotson Clarke); and "March in C" (Batiste).

HAMMERSMITH.—On Tuesday, the 7th ult., Mr. E. Minshall lectured on "Nonconformist Worship Music" at West End Baptist Lecture Hall, the Rev. W. Page, B.A., presiding. The choir, under Mr. Biggs' direction, sang the illustrations carefully. The tunes, etc., were placed before the audience by means of a lantern, manipulated very successfully by Mr. C. D. Barker.

ISLINGTON.—On Tuesday, February 28th, the Psalmody Class gave a performance of Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* in Union Chapel. The choruses were given with spirit and precision. The soloists were Madame Ernst, Miss Dora Barnard, Mr. Albert James, and Mr. William Forington. Mr. James, in "My hope is in the Everlasting," and the same gentleman with Miss Barnard, in the melodious duet "Love Divine! all love excelling," made a great impression. Mr. Forington is always, and deservedly, a favourite at Union Chapel. Mr. Williamson as usual conducted carefully, and Mr. Fountain Meen's accompaniments were all that could be desired. The pastor, the Rev. W. H. Harwood, appealed for a liberal collection on behalf of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants.

KENTISH TOWN.—One of the most successful ballad concerts ever given took place on Thursday, the 16th ult., in the Hall of the Congregational Schools, Kentish Town Road. The suggestion of giving a concert of this nature, which has been under the consideration of the choir for some time past, resulted in this effort of theirs of the 16th, and is well worthy of the highest praise. A most attractive programme was provided, and thoroughly appreciated by a select audience of some 600 to 700 people. The soloists included Miss Lizzie Neal, A.R.A.M., gold and silver medallist, whose magnificent rendering of "Angus Macdonald" (Roeckel);

"Drifting" (Holland), and as an encore "Darby and Joan," received the rapturous applause they deserved. To Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys a like appreciation was accorded for his expressive rendering of "Will you leave the old home?" (Scuderi), "Annabel Lee" (Leslie), and as an encore "The Holy City" (Stephen Adams). Miss Annie J. Ashley sang with much feeling "At my window" (Parker); while Mr. Walker Syckelmoore favoured with "The Armourer's Daughter" (Pontet) and "Still is the night" (Abt). The excellent cornet solos by Mr. George Harlow—"Esmeralda" (Levey), and "Marche aux Flambeaux" (Scotson Clark)—were enthusiastically received and encored, as were also Mr. Tom Villiers' humorous selections, "English as She's Spoke" (Paulus), and the "Story of a Kiss" (Pink). Miss K. M. Faraday gave a fine rendering of Stern's "Serenade" and Wieniawski's "Mazurka" as violin solos, and Mr. Fred. W. Noakes did excellent service as accompanist. Under the able conductorship of the organist and choir-master, Mr. A. J. Hawkins, the following part-songs were given by a chorus of fifty voices: "A New Year's Carol" (Shaw); "Down in a Flow'ry Vale" (Festa); "The Maiden of the 'Fleur de Lys'" (Sydenham); "Song of the Vikings" (Eaton Fanning), with duet accompaniment; "Let the Hills Resound" (Brinley Richards); "The Joyous Spring" (Little); "Old King Cole" (Archer); "Hymn to Diana" (Thouless); and "Good-night, Farewell" (Garrett). The chair was taken by Joseph Corbett, Esq., and a silver collection made on behalf of the Choir Fund. Great credit is due to the organisers of the concert, for the successful way in which the arrangements were carried out to the comfort and enjoyment of all present.

PLAISTOW.—An excellent concert was given on the 9th ult. in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Pelly Road, under the direction of Mr. R. Tucker, the solo vocalists being Mrs. A. Morgan, Miss Kate Oswald, and Mr. H. W. Braine. A choir, consisting of Mr. Tucker's class at Bow Baptist Chapel, assisted by friends, gave a good rendering of a selection of sacred choruses, etc., including the following: "O Father, whose almighty power," "Hail, Judea," "Then round about the starry throne," "Hallelujah" (Handel); "See what love hath the Father," "How lovely are the messengers," "As the hart pants" (Mendelssohn); "The heavens are telling" (Haydn); "By Babylon's wave" (Gounod). A small string band played the Overture to *The Messiah*, the Andante from "Surprise" Symphony (Haydn), and two marches. Miss Pearce, G.S.M., was the accompanist; and Mr. W. Hall, organist of Brickfields Church, West Ham, rendered valuable aid at the American organ. There was a good and appreciative audience.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—On February 23rd a lecture was given in Woodberry Down Chapel by Mr. Frederick Meen on "The Life and Character of Mendelssohn." W. T. Ogden, Esq., took the chair. The principal illustrations consisted of part-songs by a select choir—admirably sung under the direction of Mr. W. E. Battley, organist to the church—and solos by Mr. Donald King. Upwards of two hundred were present, and the lecturer was frequently applauded.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Mr. Arthur Bayliss was on Monday, the 20th ult., presented with a very handsome rose-wood music cabinet, from the church and congregation of Wood Street Chapel, and also a handsome ivory and silver bâton, suitably engraved, from the choir members of the same church in recognition of his seven years' office as organist and choir-master, and on his leaving to fill a similar office at Trinity Congregational Church, Poplar.

WALWORTH.—On Tuesday evening, the 14th ult., an unpublished service of song, entitled *Almost*

Wrecked, was given by the choir of the Methodist Mission Chapel, under the able conductorship of Mr. J. W. Taylor. Considering the scarcity of male voices (having only one tenor and one bass), criticism would be unfair. The solos, "Twill not be long," by Miss Glacier; "My Ship," by Mrs. Lane; "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," by Mr. Burrows; and "Homeward," by Mr. Taylor, were well received. Mr. F. C. Harrison presided at the piano and American organ. There was a very good audience.

PROVINCIAL.

BRADFORD.—An excellent rendering of Gaul's *Ten Virgins* was given in College Chapel Assembly rooms on February 28th. The principals were Madame Mellor and Miss Peel—who divided the soprano part—Miss Norris, Mr. Henry Leach, and Mr. J. H. Hill. There was a chorus of about sixty, and a small but efficient orchestra. In Madame Mellor's solo a lack of confidence was compensated for by the sweetness of her voice. Miss Peel, upon whom the main burden of the soprano part fell, went through it with conscientiousness, and sang some very pleasing numbers. Miss Norris was a thoroughly agreeable contralto. Neither Mr. Leach nor Mr. Hill had much opportunity in his solos, but both gentlemen were quite equal to the work which they had in hand. The chorus was occasionally thin and wavering, but as a whole did some very creditable work indeed. The orchestra gave the greatest satisfaction. Dr. F. K. March, who, of course, is mainly responsible for the ambitious nature of the society's undertakings, and its substantial success, was the conductor. A short programme of miscellaneous items followed the cantata.

NORWICH.—The Unthinks Road Baptist Church was well filled by an appreciative audience on Thursday evening, February 23rd, when the choir, under the leadership of the organist and choir-master, Mr. W. L. Palmer, gave a very satisfactory rendering of Farmer's sacred oratorio *Christ and His Soldiers*. The principal vocalists were Miss Dakin, Miss Mase, Mrs. Springall, Miss A. Fisher, Mr. F. Sinclair, and Mr. J. J. Manning, all of whom acquitted themselves with marked success. Mr. E. A. West (organist of St. Saviour's Church) presided at the organ, and his excellent services helped very much to the success of the performance. The organist of Chapel Field Road (Free Methodist) Chapel, Mr. F. A. Bond, did similar good work at the piano, adding very much to the effective presentation of the work. The choir displayed signs of careful training by prompt attention to the call of the conductor.

RUGBY.—A new organ containing twenty stops, and built by Messrs. Nicholson & Co., of Worcester, was opened in the Congregational Church on February 24th by Mr. Basil Johnson, organist of Rugby School, who gave a recital.

Reviews.

Te Deum. By George J. Kimmins. (Novello & Co. 3d.)—A very effective and useful setting. The alternation of unison and harmony passages is pleasing.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. By Bruce Steane. (Novello & Co. 6d.)—Choirs will here find something worthy of careful study, the Magnificat being specially good.

Organ Arrangements. Edited by G. C. Martin, Mus. Doc.—Nos. 10, 11, and 12, containing respectively Chaconne in F major (Purcell), Adagio in B minor (Mozart), Adagio from Sextet, Op. 81 (Beethoven), are before us. Organists will find these arrangements exceedingly good, and not difficult.

Original Compositions for the Organ.—Four pieces

by Otto Dienel and two Preludes by Percy W. Pilcher fill up Nos. 160 to 164. An interesting Offertory in F, by G. F. Blatch, is numbered 165.

Andante Piacevole for the Organ. 4s.

Alla Marcia, for the Organ. By Orlando A. Mansfield. (Weekes & Co., Hanover Street, W. 4s.)—Two melodious pieces, and useful for church use.

From Novello & Co. we have received the following: *Twelve Original Voluntaries*, for Organ or Harmonium. By William Metcalfe.

To Correspondents.

VIOLET.—Your experience is not singular. To really succeed you must work hard. It is no use to half do the thing. Take courage, and you will ultimately gain your end.

A. J. T.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Uncertain. (4) Try at Schott's in Regent Street.

CHORISTER.—You will find the chant section of the "Congregational Church Hymnal" exceedingly good.

VERAX.—Send for Messrs. Curwen & Sons' list, and you will find what you want.

ORGANIST.—It shall appear next month.

The following are thanked for their letters:—W. J. (Salisbury), T. F. (Reading), W. J. B. (Hull), F. T. (Chester), W. S. (Bolton), C. D. J. (Ripley), S. S. (Hungerford), W. J. D. (Dublin).

Staccato Notes.

A COLLEGE of Music is to be opened in Manchester in the autumn. About £11,000 is already promised.

THE Duke of Fife presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, which was well attended.

AN enlargement of the Guildhall School of Music at a cost of £10,000 is contemplated.

THERE are seventy-five lady organists in New York.

AT the R.A.M. a new (Sainton) scholarship is to be awarded for promise in violin-playing, and will be competed for triennially. It is open to British-born subjects of either sex who shall be under the age of eighteen years on the date of the musical examination.

THE vocalists already engaged for the Worcester Festival are Madame Belle Cole, Messrs. Lloyd, Houghton, Watkin Mills, and Plunket Greene, the last named artist being especially retained for Dr. Parry's *Job*. Mr. Lee Williams will again conduct.

Falstaff, it is said, brought Verdi £6,400 cash down. Besides this, he will receive 40 per cent. of the operatic royalty rights of performance, which in Italy are a minimum of 10 per cent. of the gross receipts, and he will also be paid 40 per cent. of the receipts of the publication of the vocal score and separate numbers.

A SPECIAL feature is to be made of the playing of the best English bands at the exhibition which is to be opened at Earl's Court in May next.

MR. G. T. ROSE, well known in connection with Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, is dead.

DR. MACKENZIE, Professor Bridge, and Sir Joseph Barnby attended the farewell banquet given by the Lord Mayor to M. Waddington.

MR. SIDNEY NAYLOR, well known as an organist and conductor, died somewhat suddenly on the 4th ult.

DR. JOSEPH PARRY, the composer of *Saul of Tarsus*, is engaged on a new grand opera.

It is reported that Gounod has finished the composition of a new opera on the subject of Charlotte Corday. It will probably be produced next year.

MISS HELEN D'ALTON, well known as a contralto vocalist, died on the 16th ult.

MR. GEORGE ERNEST LAKE, an accomplished organist, died on the 15th ult., at the early age of thirty-eight.

THE following little story about Dr. Mackenzie appeared in *The Weekly Sun*. Some short while ago the English composer found himself, in the course of his travels, in the fortified town of Gibraltar, where at nine at night, as most people know, everybody is expected to be inside the town, unless one desires to spend the night locked without the gates. Wandering through the streets with a friend towards their hotel, not knowing what to do with themselves, the sound of a distant violin came to their ears. Instantly Dr. Mackenzie suggested to his friend that they should trace this sound to its source, and so, perhaps, light upon some sailors dancing, or some such amusement. As they drew nearer to the music, the composer recognised with great astonishment the strains of his own violin concerto, "The Pibroch," which had only been printed four months previously. Dr. Mackenzie stopped at the door where the music sounded, rang the bell, sent up his card, and, introducing himself to the violin-player, forthwith employed himself by giving the student a lesson on the work for a couple of hours.

Accidentals.

IT was a concert got up in aid of the charities belonging to the town of Stourbridge. A famous singer, Mr. R—, had given that well-known song "There's a Good Time Coming," with much feeling, and amidst tumultuous applause, when a man in the garb of a labourer arose in the midst of the assembled company and exclaimed, "You couldn't fix the date, could you, Mr. R—?"

MUSICAL bars are no barriers to the man who "breaks out in song."

"Does your daughter play the piano?"

"No—she works it to death."

"So he praised my singing, did he!"

"Yes; he said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."

VISITOR: "Why do you put the choir so high up in the gallery?"

DEACON: "Because the bass singer has such a deep voice that if he was below nobody could hear him unless they sat in the cellar."

UNWELCOMED SUITOR: "That's a lovely song! It always carries me away."

SHE: "If I had only known how much pleasure it could give us both I should have sung it earlier in the evening."

ON one occasion Bishop Wilberforce was at an evening party, when a lady sang a song very badly.

"That is a difficult song," remarked some one to the bishop.

"Difficult?" was the reply; "would it were impossible."